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"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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Good English.

A LECTURE READ BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY, THURSDAY EVENING,
JANUARY 18, 1872.

A wise Grecian being asked what we should study in youth, replied: "Those things which we are to practice in after life." Judging by this maxim, it would seem that few studies can be of more importance to us than that of our daily speech, which some of us, even in youth, practice so faithfully, and which all of us hope to practice every day to the end of our lives: for, though silence is gold, yet speech is silver, and when pure and rightly stamped should be most precious in our estimation.

Now, as no material object, not even richly chased gold, is more delightful to the eye than pure and finely wrought silver, when devoted to appropriate uses, so nothing more rudely offends our sense of the harmonious than this beautiful metal disfigured under the hands of a clumsy or a careless artizan, or, even in its most elegant forms, if used for ignoble purposes. In like manner may we speak of our splendid language: designed, as silver, for both use and beauty, we are charmed with it only when its forms are regular and harmonious, and its uses noble and appropriate.

To use language correctly, but two things are required: to know what we wish to say, and to understand the meaning of words. Both these, at first thought, seem simple enough, but are, in fact, quite difficult; for, strange as it sounds, very few persons know exactly what they are thinking of, a "penny for their thoughts" would never be due, and still fewer understand what words would exactly convey the thoughts they wish to express. Indeed the thinking of most persons is like that of children expecting Christmas presents: their minds are as full of thoughts as the toy-shops are of presents; but you ask them which they would have, what thought they would utter, and they cannot quite tell. They imagine it to be this, or that, or perhaps some other beautiful thing they would like to say; and when they have finally spoken, they feel that what they have said is not quite the thing that they would have said, and, if they had their choice over, would surely, like the Christmas child, make quite a different selection from the numberless beautiful objects in the great store-house of the memory. Yes, here is the chief trouble in speaking correctly; for did we know precisely what we wish to say, we should surely find the proper way to say it.

"Know thyself" is a moral maxim, but, as we see, it is also applicable to the expression of our ideas. Know thoroughly what is in your own mind and heart, if you would speak or write with ease and accuracy. The mind should not be a fog, in which nothing is seen distinctly; but rather a clear, calm day, in which all things appear in their proper forms and relations.

But even should we know what we wish to say, we have yet to learn how to say it, to learn, as Coleridge says, how to put "the right word in the

right place;" that is, we must become acquainted with the English language. For this, it would be enough to learn the precise meaning and use of words, a knowledge which most persons imagine they have already; but how few possess it thoroughly, and how difficult it is to attain, we may learn from the confession of no less a personage than Dryden, who, whatever may be said of the poor quality of very much of his poetry, is certainly one of the acknowledged masters of the best English prose. Speaking of the difficulty of attaining a good style, he says: "The perfect knowledge of a tongue was never attained by any single person. The court, the college and the town must all be joined in it. And as our English is a composition of the dead and living tongues, there is required a perfect knowledge not only of the Greek and Latin, but of the Old German, French and Italian, and, to help all these, a conversation with those authors of our own who have written with the fewest faults in prose and verse. But how barbarously we yet write and speak, I am sufficiently sensible in my own English. For I am often put to a stand in considering whether what I write be the idiom of the tongue, or false grammar and nonsense, and have no other way to clear my doubts but by translating my English into Latin, and thereby trying what sense the words will make in a more stable language." Again he says: "The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practice them without the help of a liberal education, long reading and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, and conversation with the best company."

If Dryden, so great a genius, and the acknowledged master of such exquisite English, had yet so much labor in acquiring a correct style, and, after all, did not feel quite sure that he had succeeded, what shall we think of our own careless use of our mother tongue? Surely, the writing and speaking of good English cannot be so simple a task as some would seem to suppose. Not to speak of the common, and altogether inexcusable, faults against grammar and pronunciation, how many inaccurate expressions are uttered and written every day, even by the best educated! How very few are they whose language is always choice, who never speak but with the precision and elegance we instinctively associate with our idea of the language of the refined and intellectual Greeks, who, to repeat the capital maxim of Coleridge, always put the right word in the right place!

Those who offend against the requirements of good English, may be divided into two general classes: the fastidious and the careless; the first very particular in following every rule of grammar, the second paying very little attention to any rule. The careless speak correctly only so far as those about them do so, desiring simply to be understood; and a community of careless speakers, if left to themselves, would very soon corrupt the language into a barbarous dialect. The fastidious, on the other hand, hold so close to the very word of the rule that they stifle its life, forgetting that it is the letter that killeth, but the spirit that giveth

life; and a nation of fastidious writers and speakers, in their strict adherence to formal rules, would soon drive all animation and freedom from their speech, chilling its palpitating form until it should assume the rigid outlines of a dead language.

Ours is a living tongue, not a dead language nor a barbarous dialect; and if we wish to speak intelligibly and agreeably to the people of our day, and about the things of our day, we must seize upon the spirit, or genius, of this speech, and that will carry us on with ease and grace and power, unhampered and unchecked, in our glorious career.

The story of Pegasus is not a mere senseless fable, but a myth of wonderful significance; and whoever mounts this steed of the Muses, which is nothing else than the genius, the soul, the life-giving spirit of the language, will find himself conqueror of the Chimera, and every other monster that distracts the mind in the freedom and beauty of its movements. But the myth stops not here; and as no one was permitted to ride the winged steed to heaven, so we are to learn that all the beautiful forms and perfections of art are quite unable, without truth and goodness, to fit us for the blissful companionship of the skies. And in this we perceive our lesson of humility; for, though we may be able to use the language with all possible ease and grace, we should not plume ourselves too much upon our accomplishments, nor look with disdain upon those whose beauty of thought and expression is less than ours, but whose truth of word and goodness of action may be greater.

But while we presume not to ride our Pegasus amongst the celestials, we shall nevertheless, guided by Wisdom, seize upon this winged genius of the language, and trust to it to guide us safely through every danger. It is the genius of the language only which can enable us to avoid error, and even, as it were, advance in its proper use, guiding us to what *will* be good English, as well as to what *is*.

Before proceeding to consider the means which wisdom would suggest as best suited to make us complete masters of this inner spirit of the language, it may be well to refer to some popular errors against it, errors often committed by the learned as well as by the ignorant, errors by the fastidious patchers of the language, as well as by the careless blunderers who would tear it to tatters.

Let us, then, first take those two common little monosyllables, *shall* and *will*, of whose meaning most persons seem to know no more than the poor shipwrecked Frenchman on Lake Erie, who exclaimed, in his terror, "I will be drowned, I will be drowned; nobody shall save me." Our fastidious friends have noticed this error, and make bold to tell us that *shall* should always be used in the first person, and *will* in the second and the third, and therewith feel confident that they have disposed of the whole difficulty; while our good-natured, careless souls stoutly affirm that, as both words refer to the future, it makes no difference about the persons, and declare that even this famous gentleman's exclamation was good enough, since everybody knew very well what

he meant. It is true that the chief use of speech is to make ourselves understood; and if the drowning man's suicidal cry saved his life, it is better than if he had remained silent through fear of speaking incorrectly. Nevertheless, in our daily use of the language, mere clearness, though of first importance, does not satisfy us; we wish also to speak correctly, with exactness, harmony, propriety and due force.

Let us then recall our two first principles; and, knowing what we wish to say, consider the meaning of these words, *shall* and *will*. All grant that both refer to the future. Now, future events are brought about in either of two ways: by our own exertions, or by some other means. So also there are two ways of referring to these events: we may speak of what we *desire* should happen, or of what we know *must* happen. *Will* expresses our *desire*, our *will*, in regard to the future; while *shall* denotes what *must* be, what *shall* be, whether we are pleased or not.

For instance, a poor author, in hourly dread of imprisonment for debt, was one day asked to dine with a friend. He was, of course, very anxious for the dinner; but being quite uncertain as to the movements of the sheriff, he prudently replied, in most excellent English, "I will go, if possible; but hurry up the cook, for I fear I shall be in jail before dinner-time." The poor fellow says, "I will go," for he is delighted at the prospect of a good dinner; it is quite agreeable to his *will* to go *there*; but he sorrowfully adds, "I fear I *shall* be in jail," for his *will* does not consent to that; it is something which he only fears *must* be, *shall* be, whether he *wills* it or not.

So in the second person: as, "John, you will come to-morrow at noon, and get your money." Of course *will* is the proper word, for John is very willing to come. But suppose, after coming, he takes more than his own, he very soon hears the *shall*: "Ah! ha! my good fellow, you shall suffer for that."

And in the third person, speaking of a self-sacrificing individual, we say: "He will undergo any suffering for the good of others;" and *will* is here correct, for he is willing to suffer in such a cause. But if the suffering is to be endured as a punishment, we say: "He *shall* suffer."

Independent clauses, however, after "if," "when," etc., we generally desire to speak of a future event as a conditional fact, and not as depending on the will of any one, and so we say *shall* in every person; as, "If I shall see him," "When you shall be here again," "Provided they shall not object," etc.—all facts, there being no necessary reference to the will or desire of any one.

But just here our fastidious friends make an observation, seeming sure that there must be some mistake; for certainly, say they, *shall* is generally used in the first person, even when the desire or will of this person is plainly indicated; and *will* is as generally used in the second and the third person, even when it is evident that these persons have no free will in the matter. And these illustrations are given: "I shall go to-day, as I wish to meet your friend." In this example "*shall*" is certainly correct, though the speaker is willing, even anxious to go. Second: "You will please be there before ten." Here "*will*," even with "please" annexed, does not prevent us from perceiving that not the will of the person addressed, but of the speaker, is expressed; and yet "*will*" is correct. Third: "He will come on the ten o'clock train." Here also "*will*" cannot be used to express the will of the person spoken of; for the train will bring him along at ten o'clock, whether he will or not. Yet these examples are all good English: "I shall go to-day, as I wish to meet your friend," "You will please be there before ten," "He will come on the ten o'clock train."

We see, then, if our fastidious friends are right, that there must be some additional reason why *shall* is preferred in the first person, and *will* in the second and the third. Does it seem strange that this reason should resolve itself into a mere question of modesty and politeness? Yet so it is. Free will is one of the most precious endowments of our Creator, and its exercise is most grateful to every human being. Therefore, in speaking to or of others, it is a mark of respect to them to use the word *will*, to indicate that what they do is done with their free will, and not upon compulsion. Politeness, then, requires the use of *will* in the second and the third person, whenever this can be done without a manifest violation of the sense, that is, when *shall* is not absolutely necessary.

But why *shall* in the first person?

As politeness requires that we should speak of others as acting of their own free will, so modesty would suggest that we be not too forward in asserting our own will. Unless, therefore, it becomes necessary to declare our own desire in a marked manner, *shall*, and not *will*, should be used in the first person.

Still we ought to remember that these requirements of modesty and politeness, in reality, constitute only an exception to the more general rule; so that whenever it becomes necessary to indicate the will of the first person, we must use *will*, not *shall*; as, for instance, if one should ask us for a favor, to lend a book, to take a walk, or attend an entertainment, "I *will*," as an answer, would be in much better taste than "I *shall*," as being more friendly, by showing our pleasure in yielding to our friend's request. So, if all compliments are to be laid aside, and we desire to say what must be in the second or the third person, we use *shall*, not *will*. Otherwise, the polite and modest usage should always obtain. What has been said of *shall* and *will* of course applies also, with certain slight modifications, to the past tenses, *should* and *would*.

It may perhaps seem that I have dwelt too long on two such little words. But I think your surprise must be lessened, when I tell you, that of those who speak the English language, it has been said that not one in ten thousand uses these oft-recurring auxiliaries correctly; and when I also add that a learned English nobleman, while Governor-General of Canada, was so pained at the misuse of these particles that he wrote quite a book on the subject, and called it *SHALL* and *WILL*.

"*Shall*" and "*will*" are but two of a very large class of much-abused terms, those choice and delicate words, the synonyms of the language, two or more of which mean nearly, but not exactly, the same thing. Their abuse, like that of "*shall*" and "*will*," consists in using them indifferently for one another, to signify the same thing. But it is not according to the delicate and economic genius of the language, that any two words should have precisely the same use and meaning. It would indeed be a slovenly tongue that would permit any such wasteful use of unnecessary terms; and, as a fact, in the forty thousand radical words of our speech, there are no two that have exactly the same signification, so that one may with propriety always take the place of the other. It may be difficult, in some cases, for the most practised critic to state precisely their difference of meaning; for the very words themselves are often the only ones that can indicate the delicate change which the sense undergoes, as it passes from one synonym to another, even as the colors of the rainbow imperceptibly melt into one another: but though in some cases it may not be possible to give the exact difference of meaning between two synonymous terms, yet the master of the language is never at a loss in choosing his word, but takes unerringly that which conveys his meaning exactly.

Now, to obtain this mastery in the choice of synonyms, we have only to proceed as we did in the case of *SHALL* and *WILL*: that is, know first precisely what it is we wish to say; and then study the meaning of the words under consideration. Perseverance in this course will be rewarded with sure success; and though the labor will certainly not be slight, yet it will be well repaid, for the ability to use words correctly argues the power to think, describe, narrate, and teach correctly. The profound philosopher, the great poet, the elegant essayist, the truthful historian, the entertaining traveller, the eloquent orator, the acute critic, the amiable gossip and letter-writer,—all possess, in a wonderful degree, this power of distinguishing between words of similar signification, and by no other test can the pretender to fine writing be more quickly detected.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE fifth meeting of the Thespian Cadets was held on the evening of February 12th. The office of President being vacant, Harry Faxon was chosen to fill the position, and Peter Gall was elected Vice-President. C. Beck was elected censor, in the place of Ed. Dasher, gone home. Speeches were made by J. O'Meara, E. McMahon and M. Farnbaker. The following persons were appointed speakers for the next meeting: P. Gall, S. McMahon, F. Huck, T. Nelson, A. Morton, E. Raymond and J. Porter.

T. NELSON, Cor. Sec.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

ERIC AND MONTAGU.

And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

* * * * *
Each spoke words of high disdain,
And insult to his heart's best brother.

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

Wright had not forgotten Montagu's advice, and had endeavored to get the names of boys who weren't afraid to scout publicly the disgrace of cheating in form. But he could only get one name promised him—the name of Vernon Williams; and feeling how little could be gained by using it, he determined to spare Vernon the trial, and speak, if he spoke at all, on his own responsibility.

As usual, the cribbing at the next weekly examination was well-nigh universal, and when Mr. Gordon went out to fetch something he had forgotten, merely saying, "I trust to your honor not to abuse my absence," books and papers were immediately pulled out with the coolest and most unblushing indifference.

This was the time for Wright to deliver his conscience; he had counted the cost, and, rightly or wrongly, considering it to be his duty, he had decided that speak he would. He well knew that his interference would be attributed to jealousy, meanness, sneaking, and every kind of wrong motive, since he was himself one of the greatest sufferers from the prevalent dishonesty; but still he had come to the conclusion that he *ought* not draw back, and therefore he bravely determined that he would make his protest, whatever happened.

So, very nervously, he rose and said, "I want to tell you all that I think this cheating very wrong and blackguardly. I don't mind losing by it myself; but if Vernon Williams loses the prize in the lower fourth, and any one gets it by copying, I've made up my mind to tell Gordon."

His voice trembled a little at first, but he spoke fast, and acquired firmness as he went on. Absolute astonishment and curiosity had held the boys silent with amazement, but by the end of this sentence they had recovered themselves, and a perfect burst of derision and indignation followed.

"Let's see if *that'll* cut short his oration," said Wildney, throwing a book at his head, which was instantly followed by others from all quarters.

"My word! we've had nothing but lectures lately," said Booking. "Horrid little Owenite saint."

"Saint!—sneak, you mean. I'll teach him," growled Pietrie, and jumping up, he belabored Wright's head with the Latin Grammar out of which he had just been cribbing.

The whole room was in confusion and hubbub, during which Wright sat stock still, quietly enduring without bowing to the storm.

Only one boy sympathized with him, but he did so deeply—poor little penitent Vernon. He felt his position hard because Wright had alluded so prominently to him, and he knew how much he must be misconstrued; but he had his brother's spirit, and would not shrink. Amid the tumult he got up in his seat, and they heard his pleasant, childish voice saying boldly, "I hope Wright won't tell; but he's the best fellow in the room, and cribbing is a shame, as he says."

What notice would have been taken of this speech is doubtful, for at this critical moment Mr. Gordon reappeared, and the whispered *cavé* caused instantaneous quiet.

Poor Wright awaited with some dread the end of school; and many an angry kick and blow he got, though he disarmed malice by the spirit and heroism with which he endured them. The news of his impudence spread like wildfire, and not five boys in the school approved of what he had done, while most of them were furious at his ill-judged threat of informing Mr. Gordon. There was a general agreement to thrash him after roll-call that afternoon.

Eric had lately taken a violent dislike to Wright, though he had been fond of him in better days. He used to denounce him as a disagreeable and pragmatic little muff, and was as loud as any of them in condemning his announced determination to "sneak." Had he known that Wright had acted under Montagu's well-meant, though rather mistaken advice, he might have abstained from having anything more to do with the matter, but now he promised to kick Wright himself after the four o'clock bell.

Four o'clock came; the names were called; the master left the room. Wright, who perfectly knew what was threatened, stood there pale but fearless. His indifferent look was an additional annoyance to Eric, who walked up to him carelessly, and boxing his ears, though without hurting him, said contemptuously, "Conceited little sneak."

Montagu had been told of the intended kicking and had determined, even single-handed, to prevent it. He did *not*, however, expect that Eric would have taken part in it, and was therefore unprepared. The color rushed into his cheeks; he went up, took Wright quietly by the hand, and said with firm determination, "No one in the school shall touch Wright again."

"What? no one! just hark to that," said Graham; I suppose he thinks himself cock of the school." Eric quite misunderstood Montagu's proceeding; he took it for a public challenge. All the Rowlandites were round, and to yield would have looked like cowardice. Above all, his evil genius Wildney, was by, and said, "How very nice! I say, Eric, you and I will have to get the Whole Duty of Man again."

A threatening circle had formed round Montagu, but his closed lips, and flushing brow, and dilated nostrils betrayed a spirit which made them waver, and his noble face glowed with a yet nobler expression in the consciousness of an honorable cause, as he quietly repeated, "No one shall touch you, Wright."

"They *will*, though," said Eric, instantly; "I will, for one, and I should like to see you prevent me." And so saying he gave Wright another slight blow.

Montagu dropped Wright's hand, and said slowly, "Eric Williams, I have taken one unexpected blow from you without a word, and bear the marks of it yet. It is time to show that it was *not* through cowardice that I did not return it. Will you fight?"

The answer was not prompt by any means, though every one in the school knew that Eric was not afraid. So sure was he of this, that, for the sake of "auld lang syne," he would probably have declined to fight with Montagu had it been left to his own impulses.

"I have been in the wrong, Montagu, more than once," he answered, falteringly, "and we have been friends—"

But it was the object of many of the worst boys that the two should fight—not only that they might see the fun, but that Montagu's authority, which stood in their way, might be flung aside. So Booking whispered in an audible voice: "Faith! he's showing the white feather."

"You're a liar!" flung in Eric; and turning to Montagu, he said: "There! I'll fight you this moment."

Instantly they had stripped off their coats and prepared for action. A ring of excited boys crowd-

ed round them. Fellows of sixteen, like Montagu and Eric, rarely fight, because their battles have usually been decided in their earlier school-days; and it was also but seldom that two boys so strong, active, and prominent (above all, so high in the school), took this method of settling their differences.

The fight began, and at first the popular favor was entirely on the side of Eric, while Montagu found few or none to back him. But he fought with a fire and courage which soon won applause; and as Eric, on the other hand, was random and spiritless, the cry was soon pretty fairly divided between them.

After a sharp round they paused for breath, and Owen, who had been a silent and disgusted spectator of such a combat between boys of such high standing, said with much feeling:

"This is not a very creditable affair, Montagu."

"It is necessary," was Montagu's laconic reply.

Among other boys who had left the room before the fracas had taken place, was Vernon Williams, who shrank away to avoid the pain of seeing his new friend Wright bullied and tormented. But curiosity soon took him back, and he came in just as the second round began. At first he only saw a crowd of boys in the middle of the room, but jumping on a desk he had a full view of what was going on.

There was a tremendous hubbub of voices, and Eric, now thoroughly roused by the remarks he overheard, and especially by Wildney's whisper that "he was letting himself be licked," was exerting himself with more vigor and effect. It was anything but a noble sight; the faces of the combatants were streaked with blood and sweat, and as the miserable gang of lower school-boys backed them on with eager shouts of, "Now Eric, now Eric," "Now Montagu, go it sixth form," etc., both of them fought under a sense of deep disgrace, increased by the recollections which they shared in common.

All this Vernon marked in a moment, and, filled with pain and vexation, he said in a voice which, though low, could be heard amid all the uproar, "Oh Eric, Eric, fighting with Montagu!" There was reproach and sorrow in the tone, which touched more than one boy there, for Vernon, spite of the recent change in him, could not but continue a popular favorite.

"Shut up there, you little donkey," shouted one or two, looking back at him for a moment.

But Eric heard the words, and knew that it was his brother's voice. The thought rushed on him how degraded his whole position was, and how different it might have been. He felt that he was utterly in the wrong, and Montagu altogether in the right; and from that moment his blows once more grew feeble and ill-directed. When they again stopped to take rest, the general shout for Montagu showed that he was considered to have the best of it.

"I'm getting so tired of this," muttered Eric, during the pause.

"Why, you're fighting like a regular muff," said Graham; "you'll have to acknowledge yourself thrashed in a minute."

"That I'll *never* do," he said, once more firing up.

Just as the third round began, Duncan came striding in, for Owen, who had left the room, told him what was going on. He had always been a leading fellow, and quite recently his influence had several times been exerted in the right direction, and he was very much looked up to by all the boys alike, good or bad. He determined, for the credit of the sixth, that the fight should not go on, and bursting into the ring, with his strong shoulders he hurled on each side the boys who stood in his way, and struck down the lifted arms of the fighters.

"You *shan't* fight," he said, doggedly, thrusting himself between them; "so there's an end of it. If you do, you'll both have to fight me first."

"Shame!" said several of the boys, and the cry was caught up by Ball and others.

"Shame, is it?" said Duncan, and his lip curled with scorn. "There's only one way to argue with you fellows. Ball, if you or any other boy repeat that word, I'll thrash him. Here, Monty, come away from this disgraceful scene."

"I'm sick enough of it," said Montagu, "and am ready to stop if Williams is,—provided no one touches Wright."

"I'm sick of it too," said Eric sullenly.

"Then you two shall shake hands," said Duncan.

For one instant—an instant which he regretted till the end of his life—Montagu drew himself up and hesitated. He had been deeply wronged, deeply provoked, and no one could blame him for the momentary feeling; but Eric had observed the gesture, and his passionate pride took the alarm. "It's come to this then," he thought; "Montagu doesn't think me good enough to be shaken hands with."

"Pish!" he said aloud, in a tone of sarcasm; "it may be an awful honor to shake hands with such an immaculate person as Montagu, but I'm not proud on the subject;" and he turned away.

Montagu's hesitation was but momentary, and without a particle of anger or indignation he sorrowfully held out his hand. It was too late; that moment had done the mischief, and it was now Eric's turn coldly to withdraw.

"You don't think me worthy of your friendship, and what's the good of grasping hands if we don't do it with cordial hearts?"

Montagu's lip trembled, but he said nothing, and quietly putting on his coat, waved back the throng of boys with a proud sweep of his arm, and left the room with Duncan.

"Come along, Wright," he said.

"Nay, leave him," said Eric, with a touch of remorse. "Much as you think me beneath you, I have honor enough to see that no one hurts him."

The group of boys gradually dispersed, but one or two remained with Eric, although he was excessively wearied by their observations.

"You didn't fight half like yourself," said Wildney.

"Can't you tell why? I had the wrong side to fight for." And getting up abruptly, he left the room, to be alone in his study, and bathe his swollen and aching face.

In a few minutes Vernon joined him, and at the mere sight of him Eric turned away in shame. That evening with Vernon in the study, after the dinner at the Jolly Herring, had revived all his really warm affection for his little brother; and as he could no longer conceal the line he took in the school, they had been often together since then; and Eric's moral obliquity was not so great as to prevent him from feeling deep joy at the change for the better in Vernon's character.

"Verny, Verny," he said, as the boy came up and affectionately took his hand, "it was you that lost me that fight."

"Oh, but Eric, you were fighting with Montagu."

"Don't you remember the days, Eric," he continued, "when we were home boarders, and how kind Monty used to be to me even then, and how mother liked him, and thought him quite your truest friend, except poor Russell?"

"I do indeed. I didn't think then that it would come to this."

"I've always been so sorry," said Vernon, "that I joined the fellows in playing him tricks. I can't think how I came to do it, except that I've done such lots of bad things here. But he's forgiven and forgotten that long ago, and is very kind to me now."

It was true; but Eric didn't know that half the kindness which Montagu showed to his brother, was shown solely for *his* sake.

Do you know, I've thought of a plan for making you two friends again? I've written to Aunt

Trevor to ask him to Fairholm with us next holidays."

"Oh, have you? Good, Verny! Yes; *there* we might be friends. Perhaps *there*," he added, half to himself, "I might be more like what I was in better days."

"But it's a long time to look forward to. Easter hasn't come yet," said Vernon.

So the two young boys proposed; but God had disposed it otherwise.

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REV. FATHER BROWN is expected back at Notre Dame in a few days.

YESTERDAY was Ash-Wednesday in the Church—Valentine's day in the world.

THE English Literature Class is composed entirely of St. Eds. and St. Cecilia Philomatheans.

REV. FATHERS P. P. Cooney, S.S.C., P. Lauth, S.S.C., and J. Lauth, S.S.C., are at present in Watertown, Wisconsin.

THE Holy Angels' Society seems to be in a flourishing condition and composed of the best students of the Junior Department.

AN unusual energy seems to be displayed by all the classes since the beginning of the second session. We notice that order, attention and regularity prevail now even more than ever before. These are good signs, which foretell the success of the session.

ONE of the most beautiful Catholic devotions, that called the *Forty Hours*, during which time the Blessed Sacrament is exposed to the adoration of the faithful, took place during the whole of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Many thronged the church during those days.

SHORT instructions are now given every evening in the Senior and Junior study halls, by Rev. Fathers Colovin and Condon. A few moments every day devoted to the consideration of those things which pertain to God and tend to elevate the soul from its earthly occupations will be found productive of much good to the Christian Students.

PROF. A. A. GRIFFITH, the Elocutionist, gave a Reading on Thursday evening, 8th inst., in Washington Hall, in presence of the Students and the members of the Faculty. We need not say that all were glad to see the Professor once more, and enjoyed greatly the treat which he gave them in his excellent rendering of some of Shakspeare's choicest scenes.

MORE Students are now studying French than during the first session. If the German language is essential for business, the French is as essential, or nearly so, in society, and we wish to call the attention of our Students to the importance of a language which bears such a close relationship to the English, and which is so extensively used in American literature. Were it only to learn its pronunciation, and avoid bungling over the simplest French words which are daily met with, a few sessions in a French class would prove very beneficial.

THE Exhibition on the evening of the 21st of February will consist of Banim's play of *Damon and Pythias* and the Earl of Glengall's farce of the *Irish Tutor*. Both of these plays will be acted by the members of the Thespian Association, who are now busily and earnestly engaged in rehearsals. The Thespians will be happy to see all of their warm friends on this occasion, when they will do their best to please them. The programme is not too long or too short, but simply long enough to send everybody home well pleased.

THE Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart which is now in course of erection here has been so far built on the gifts of subscribers. Twenty thousand dollars have already been spent; forty thousand more will be needed to render it fit for service. The interior decorations will absorb some twenty thousand dollars more, at least. Then it will be one of the finest churches in the West. The organ, which is now the great attraction of the present church, will be greatly enlarged and rendered worthy of the beautiful temple erected in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

THE Concert took place last Saturday. It would have been a success had the programme been carried out, as it was expected it would be. Unfortunately, on this sublunary sphere, wherein musical *fantasies* are the greatest affliction of musicians, the best programmes are the most exposed to create disappointment. We would really wish to give an honest good reason wherefore the concert of last Saturday, which was to reflect to the credit of our musical department both vocal and instrumental, came so near being a failure. If it were not it, thanks are due mostly to the energy of Prof. Regnier and his vocalists, who bore in a great measure the burden of the evening. G. Riopelle deserves special mention for his excellent singing. The Brass Band did well. It had, we think, several new tunes. The Junior Orchestra went bravely through their several pieces under the leadership of J. Rumely; and, in all but one, did justice to themselves. We noticed the absence of their director, who was unwell that evening. We congratulate especially C. Dodge, who though temporarily ailing, remained bravely at his post and played his part as an artist ought to do. The University, Orchestra or rather Quartette, made no appearance. The parts appointed for violoncello and piano were not played. Mr. D. Wile accompanied on the piano a few of the quartets and deserved the thanks of the vocal class for his readiness to assist them.

WE would like to know what has become of the Nocturnal Adoration Society and of the Archconfraternity, or in plain English would ask if they are still alive and how many pulsations their hearts beat each minute? We understand that the Nocturnal Adoration is a thing of the past. Must we understand the same of the Archconfraternity? If it still exist, it must exist on the rolls of the secretary's book, if such a luxury as a secretary is allowed in said society. We never heard of any report from this mythical secretary. Yet there was a time when the Archconfraternity was the pride of Notre Dame. Why is it not so now? Is it that the Literary Societies are detrimental to the Archconfraternity, and that the more students apply to literature and science, the less they care for God? It cannot be. There is no antagonism between these two objects,—the advancement of knowledge, and the glory of God. The edifice erected here is erected, *Religioni et Artibus*—"to Religion and the Arts." One should not be, and cannot be, fostered to the detriment of the other. If much attention is paid to the acquisition of knowledge, the culture of art and literature, much attention is likewise to be paid to the teaching of religion and the practices which are its consecrated expression, some of which are at Notre Dame

—the Archconfraternity, the Holy Angels' and Holy Childhood—all of which, except the Holy Angels', seem to be at a standstill.

We may be mistaken in saying this. If so, we sincerely hope that some one will have the charity to give us correct information.

WE hear now and then persons complaining of the small number of branches which a Student is permitted to study at one time. We have been told that fourteen different branches are just about what would occupy a lad's time and not throw away the money paid for his tuition, etc. Supposing that a Student has only ten hours of study each day, that part of this time is spent in the class-room, say six hours each day, and part is spent in the study-room in preparing for the class-room recitations, we will ask what studies and how much of each study can a Student prepare carefully during the time that he is not reciting in the class-room?

Granting even that a Student devotes each day eleven hours—this is the most he can do—to his studies, whether he be in the Preparatory, the Commercial, the Scientific or the Classical Course, the number of the branches allotted to him should not be larger than six each day, giving him, thereby, six hour's time in the class-room and five hours, at most, in the study-room. Each study demands a serious preparation, during a shorter or longer time according to its greater or lesser importance. Grammar and Arithmetic lessons demand at least one hour each; Orthography and Reading, one hour together; Geography and United States History, at least one hour together; Penmanship, one hour. If German be studied, one hour of preparation is not too much. Music, Vocal or Instrumental, absorbs one hour daily. Now these are studies of the Preparatory Course, and yet, few as they are, they occupy a whole day's time, viz.:

Grammar, study and recitation.....	2 hours
Arithmetic	2 hours
Penmanship	1 hour
Reading and Orthography.....	3 hours
Geography and United States History.....	2 hours
Christian Doctrine (for Catholics).....	$\frac{1}{2}$ hour
Total.....	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours

If German (2 hours), and Music (1 hour), were added to the above, it is clear that the student would be unable to attend properly to his studies, and would make no solid progress.

In the higher courses the number of studies for each day must necessarily be smaller, from the fact that these studies are more difficult and demand more preparation. Hence, in the Commercial Course, Book-keeping, Grammar, Arithmetic, Orthography, Geography, Modern History and Penmanship are more than sufficient to occupy a whole day's time. In the Scientific Course, Rhetoric, Algebra, Geometry, Modern History, German, French, Penmanship, and a membership in some literary society, will demand a student's whole time. In the Classical Course, Greek, Latin, Rhetoric, Algebra and Geometry will engross a student's attention for the whole day. But if to these important studies Music, or Drawing, or some other studies be added, it is evident that with the best will and the most earnest application the student will find himself encumbered, and will sooner or later yield under the burden.

In conclusion, we must say that a young man cannot become learned in a few years' time, and that the programme of studies, as laid in the Catalogue, is yet the surest and best means the attain a certain amount of knowledge.

Additional Entrances.

Daniel J. Burnham,
Charles L. Ely,

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 2.—J. D. McCormick, T. O'Mahony, M. Keeley, J. Hogan, J. J. Kinney, O. A. Wing, J. G. Bowen, J. B. Comer, J. Dehner, M. Bastarache.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 2.—H. Hunt, J. Carr, F. Devoto, J. Sherlock, J. Burnham, W. Quinlan, J. Dore, L. Hibben, P. Reilly, J. Marks.

D. A. C., Sec.

Minims' Examination.

First Grammar.—A. McIntosh, 100; H. Faxon, 95; E. Raymond, 100; F. Huck, 85; E. DeGroot, 85; A. Morton, 90; P. Gall, 80; M. Farnbaker, 90; T. Nelson, 85; J. Porter, 80.

Second Grammar.—W. Dee, 90; A. Dasher, 95; G. Voelker, 80; E. McMahon, 90; S. McMahon, 80; H. Edgell, 50; C. Clarke, 50; C. Ellison, 80; C. Beck, 85; C. Faxon, 100.

First Reading.—E. DeGroot, 100; A. McIntosh, 100; M. Farnbaker, 95; E. Raymond, 90; H. Faxon, 90; P. Gall, 90.

Second Reading.—J. Porter, 95; F. Huck, 85; S. McMahon, 90; T. Nelson, 90; H. Edgell, 85; A. E. Dasher, 90; A. Morton, 85.

Third Reading.—C. Ellison, 95, C. Beck, 90; C. Clarke, 90; W. Dee, 90; E. McMahon, 75; G. Voelker, 75; J. Griffin, 80; C. Faxon, 95.

Fourth Reading.—C. Walsh, 100; J. O'Meara, 95; D. Salazar, 80; E. Cleary, 90; H. Porter, 100.

First Arithmetic.—A. McIntosh, 95; E. DeGroot, 90; E. Raymond, 90; M. Farnbaker, 85; H. Faxon, 80; P. Gall, 80.

Second Arithmetic.—T. Nelson, 100; A. Morton, 95; C. Beck, 95; G. Voelker, 80; W. Dee, 75; S. McMahon, 80; F. Huck, 80.

Third Arithmetic.—A. E. Dasher, 50; J. Porter, 90; C. Faxon, 80; C. Ellison, 70; E. McMahon, 80; C. Clarke, 75.

Fourth Arithmetic.—J. O'Meara, 75; C. Walsh, 90; H. Edgell, 95; J. Griffin, 80; D. Salazar, 80; E. Cleary, 50; H. Porter, 10.

First Orthography.—A. McIntosh, 100; M. Farnbaker, 95; T. Nelson, 80; E. Raymond, 90; H. Faxon, 95; P. Gall, 85; J. Porter, 80; A. Morton, 90; E. DeGroot, 100.

Second Orthography.—S. McMahon, 100; F. Huck, 100; A. Dasher, 100; W. Dee, 100; C. Faxon, 100; H. Edgell, 95; C. Ellison, 95; C. Clarke, 95; C. Beck, 95.

Third Orthography.—J. Griffin, 100; D. Salazar, 70; C. Walsh, 100; J. O'Meara, 95; E. Cleary, 95; E. McMahon, 80; G. Voelker, 75.

First Geography.—M. Farnbaker, 95; A. McIntosh, 95; E. DeGroot, 85; E. Raymond, 85; T. Nelson, 90; P. Gall, 95.

Second Geography.—A. Morton, 100; J. Porter, 100; C. Clarke, 95; C. Ellison, 90; H. Edgell, 80; A. Dasher, 90; C. Walsh, 95; J. Griffin, 30; W. Dee, 100.

First Catechism.—A. McIntosh, 95; E. DeGroot, 95; P. Gall, 90; W. Dee, 85; T. Nelson, 90.

Second Catechism.—S. McMahon, 90; G. Voelker, 80; M. Farnbaker, 95; A. Dasher, 70; J. Porter, 85; J. O'Meara, 75; C. Walsh, 90; C. Clarke, 80; E. McMahon, 70; J. Griffin, 80.

Third Catechism.—E. Cleary, 70; H. Porter, 80.

The Violin.

Every year there is quite a number of students who commence the study of the violin, under the false impression that they will be able to play "a few tunes" in a session or two, and without properly considering the difficulties to be overcome. When they have tormented themselves and their teacher for some months, they give up in disgust,

or conclude to try some other instrument. For the benefit of those who are studying the violin now, or who intend to commence, we will quote the following extract from the preface to Spohr's celebrated "Violin School":

"The violin is a most difficult instrument, and is, in fact, only calculated for those who have great inclination for music, and who, from advantageous circumstances, are enabled to study the art thoroughly. To the amateur, (if he likewise possess the requisite talent) it is necessary that he set apart for practise at least two hours every day. With such application, if he do not attain to the greatest proficiency, he may nevertheless make such progress as to afford himself, as well as others, great enjoyment of music—in quartet playing, in accompanying the pianoforte, or in the orchestra.

"Whether a youth be intended for the profession or not, it must be the parents' first care to choose for him a well qualified and conscientious master. This is of more importance as regards the violin than any other instrument. Faults and bad habits are too easily acquired, which time and great labor can alone remove. For these reasons, I would at once have an experienced master for the pupil, in order to avoid all the evil consequences of first neglect; and such teacher should be bound to adhere closely to the rules contained in this instruction book.

"As it is difficult, nay almost impossible, before the commencement of instruction, to ascertain whether a boy have talent for music or not, the parent would do well to wait till he shows a decided inclination for music in general, and for the violin in particular. After a few weeks the master will be able to determine with certainty whether the boy have the requisite talent for playing the violin, and judgment sufficient to enable him to acquire a pure intonation, without which it would be better to discontinue the violin, and to choose some other instrument, (the pianoforte, for instance,) on which the intonation does not depend upon the player.

"At what age the instruction on the violin should be commenced, must depend mainly upon physical structure. If strong and healthy in the chest, seven or eight years is a proper time. At all events it should be in the age of boy-hood, as the muscles, then are most tractable, the fingers and arms being more easily managed then than at a more advanced period of life."

The question is often asked, "How long does it take to learn to play on the violin?" To this we might give the answer of a celebrated violinist: "Twelve hours a day, for twenty years." However, at that rate, the violin teachers would find themselves out of employment in this country, and as we presume the students who take up the violin wish to learn only a little of the art, we will give them the course followed here. Every one has to go through "Wichtel's First Book," containing a hundred exercises, with all the scales. A beginner can do this, with hard work, in two or three sessions; after that he can play selections from operas, overtures, etc., and for more difficult studies, "Kreutzer's Exercises." An advanced pupil goes through the book, by way of review, in a month or two. The much desired tunes are scarcely ever tolerated, although, after a thorough knowledge of Wichtel's exercises, the pupil will be able to play the ordinary popular melodies at first sight. As the chief beauty of the violin is in connection with other instruments, in quartet, orchestra, or even with the pianoforte, the pupils should endeavor to perform music of that description, and an opportunity of doing so is given to the most advanced. The pupil must make up his mind to work hard and patiently for a year or two before he can begin to reap the fruit of his labor. If he perseveres, he may be sure, with a well cultivated taste, to give himself and others the highest enjoyment that music affords, except that of a

good voice,—for after all, the instrument which should be cultivated most of all, and before all, is the human voice; and the violin is only superior to all other instruments, in as far as it approaches nearest to that best of God's gifts.

The taste is cultivated and improved by hearing good music played, and even if we find it at first dull and uninteresting, we must blame ourselves, and not the music. Good music is appreciated more, the oftener we hear it; while trash tickles the ears at first, but soon becomes stale and insipid. We must try and study the compositions of the best masters, such as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others: and if good and experienced musicians tell us this is good music, and that is worthless, we must not stupidly prefer our own tastes, and even defend them, by clinging to the low and sensual. Every one should do his share towards ennobling the standard of music, which is at present very low, although there are good signs of an improvement. The violin by being badly played has done more to corrupt musical taste than any other instrument.

If it is true, as an enthusiastic critic writes after hearing the celebrated Mendelssohn Quintette Club play, that "a few strings will bring us nearer heaven, than any other enjoyment in this world," it is equally true that the majority of players will produce a contrary effect. J. W. Moore says on this subject:

"Nothing can surpass the melting tones which the violin produces in the hands of a skilful performer. Yet common and well known as the violin now is, as a musical stringed instrument, it still requires the greatest skill in the performer to make it agreeable. As the world goes, there is hardly a worse instrument than a fiddle. We had as lief hear the filing of a saw, as ninety-nine hundredths of the vile scraping of cat-gut with which the world is annoyed. Our Puritanical ancestors had even a worse opinion of it, than we of the the present day—a fiddle in the meeting house was by them regarded as downright sacrilege. Now all this bad odor grows out of a want of knowledge of and skill upon the instrument. As a simple instrument, it stands at the very head of the list: nothing can surpass it, when in the hands of a skilful performer: for richness and variety of tone it is almost a miracle. Persons who have never heard it, can have no idea of it. Talk to them of a fiddle, and they think of nothing but the unearthly scraping, to the time of which, in their younger days, perchance they shaved it down in the 'Chorus Jig or Money Musk'—and as for going to hear it, commend them to a hurdy-gurdy sooner."

The foregoing should not discourage the violin pupils, but give them a higher idea of the instrument. It should make them resolve to work diligently and follow the advice given by the teachers, especially with regard to practising the scale—which is for those deficient in the ear the only remedy.

Those who wish to learn a few tunes in a short time, should choose the pianoforte, the flute, the clarinet or cornet, and if they do not learn to play well, they will at least not disgust their hearers by a false intonation; the little they play is bearable; but on the violin the sound cannot be agreeable until after several years of hard and patient practise. N.

Banquet of the Philodemic Literary Association.

On Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., at half-past seven o'clock, the members of the Philodemic Literary Association assembled, not in their debating hall as usual, but in the spacious refectory of the Junior Department, where they were joined by their invited guests, the *élite* of the University, for

the purpose of pleasantly whiling away a few of the evening's hours in banqueting and toasting. Rev. J. C. Carrier, Director of the Association, presided on the occasion, and was delighted to see gathered around him so many distinguished guests doing honor to his Society, among whom we noticed Rev. Fathers Lemonnier, O'Rourke, Colovin, Condon, Vagnier, and Profs. Baasen, Ivers, Clarke, Edwards, Bros. Irenæus and Marcellinus, Messrs. Cunnea, Gamache, O'Connell, Dundon and others, warm friends and old members of the Association too numerous to mention.

There were two vacant chairs that would have been filled by the Rev. Father Gillespie and Prof. A. J. Stace, President of the Philodemics, much to the honor and pleasure of the occasion, were it not that unavoidable circumstances had it otherwise. The Society received excuses from both of these gentlemen. The Rev. Director, judging from the manner in which he at all times interests himself in the Philodemics and their undertakings, must be also equally delighted at their success in banquet making. Five of the large refectory tables, each capable of accommodating twelve persons, were heavily laden with delicious eatables and drinkables, tastefully arranged by Bro. Leo and his assistants, and carefully prepared by the good Sister and her aids in the culinary department. It is needless to say that all did justice both to themselves and the good things on the tables.

About eight o'clock the rattling of table utensils had ceased, and there was a general setting back of chairs, which was indicative of a sufficiency of that kind of enjoyment, and a call for another, when a voice—I think it was that of Bro. Peter—from the other end of the hall, calling for something intellectual, brought the toast-master, M. Carr, to time, who, in turn, brought many of the Fathers and Professors in the same direction, and Bro. Peter and the rest had "something intellectual" for upwards of an hour and a quarter. The following toast was first in order:

1. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, and the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church. May the halo of glory which already glows around the venerable head of our Holy Father grow brighter and still more bright, until it is transformed into the refulgent aureole of life eternal.

To this toast Rev. J. C. Carrier responded in writing, but which he himself was afterwards able to read, having postponed, through courtesy to the Society, other important engagements, the fulfilment of which would have necessarily occasioned his absence. He spoke as follows:

"The name of Pius the Ninth is by itself a theme so pregnant with whatever is elevated, great and glorious, that its simple mention warms up our hearts by its holy radiance, and charms our minds by its admirable beauty. The illustrious, the hallowed name of *Pio Nono*—who may worthily celebrate it? What intellect can draw forth with its own befitting, glowing colors, on canvas or in poetry, the august personage it evokes? Only the man—the genius, I should say—who is capable to fully appreciate true nobility; only the deeply religious soul, who, in a measure, understands the wonderful ways of Divine Providence; only the real philosopher, enamored of the good, the beautiful and the true, may dare attempt it. How, therefore, does it happen that I, a man of but few parts, have been called upon to respond to the well-expressed toast—"the first not only in point of order, but also in point of merit"—you have just heard, or how dare I rise to the call made on me? The only answer to this double question must be partiality on your part and presumption on mine. But what can I say of our good and glorious Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Ninth? Shall I speak of him as a gentle youth, a studious adolescent, a philanthropic young priest, a wise diplomat, a great Bishop, a greater Cardinal, a greater Pope? Give me a few hours for reflection, and lend me your ear for an hour or so, and I might, in the form of a lecture, tell you something of the various phases of his truly marvellous life. But this evening please expect nothing of me; time, at all events, will not allow a long

speech, for other toasts, I suppose, will be formulated and answered. However, I will say this: the hearts of the whole Catholic world are now instinctively, as it were, turned in deep love and abiding sympathy towards the holy prisoner of the Vatican, the all but martyred Pope Pius the Ninth, and seem to breathe forth in unison the wish: May the noble patriot, the Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception, the High Priest of the Protectorship of the Patriarch Joseph, the Restorer of Liturgical Unity, the Doctor of the Syllabus, the unflinching upholder of the rights of the Church, which are the rights of her Christ, the intrepid defender of all the eternal principles of liberty and justice, the rightful king, the Infallible Pope, the Vicar of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; may he live to see the day of his triumph; may his days exceed the days of Peter, as the supreme Head of the Universal Church, as he has already exceeded those of his Pontificate at Rome; may the close of his mortal career, which God lengthens all but perennially, be as glorious and peaceful as the beginning of his wondrous reign was, the world over, acclaimed and exalted; and may this happy termination be the beginning of an immortal glory; and thus the name of Pius the Ninth, surnamed the Great, shall be recognized by all future generations as one of the few supremely great that the history of mankind has on record. Let me repeat these words of prophecy: 'Raise thy head on high, O most holy and venerable old man! See! thy enemies have disappeared; they are no more. Live now secure and happy.' And again with Fénelon: 'O Rome, O Sacred City, O Holy Church, whence Peter will forever "strengthen his brethren," let my right hand forget itself if I ever forget thee! Let my tongue cleave to my mouth and be motionless if thou be not, to the last breath of my life, the principal object of my joy and rejoicings?'"

2. Our sister Societies, friends and generous rivals in the paths of religion, literature and science; in their success ours is involved, and, therefore, influenced by a two-fold motive, we say to them in their onward career, speed ye well.

Rev. Father Lemonnier responded at some length to this toast. He spoke of the Literary Societies as being the life of the University, and, therefore, his words in regard to them could not be otherwise than words of justly deserved praise, not of flattery. He thanked the Fathers and Professors who directed and presided over the different Associations of the House, and he even felt grateful to the members individually for making themselves thus instrumental in effecting so much good, not only for themselves but for others. He referred especially to the flourishing condition of the Philodemics, had words of encouragement and praise for all, but he had no sympathy for the toast-master, who would not give him even a moment's notice before calling him to the rostrum.

3. Literature and Science, those great results of fancy and learned inquiry which are the cullings of men of learning and erudition, and an accumulation of positive knowledge forming together a towering hill whose summit is in the clouds. May the ascent of this hill become more easy, and the number of those greater who attempt its steep sides, so that many may attain its lofty summit, where the intellectual survey of all things is the most extended.

Rev. P. J. Colovin responded most happily to this toast. He very good-naturedly thanked the toast-master for giving him time to cough twice before commencing his speech, and then entered into the spirit of the toast with such an easy grace that before we knew it he was carrying us out upon the broad field of usefulness, in which literature and science were the steady doers of good. He spoke of literature as being useful in all the positions of life, whether at the domestic hearth or on the wider theatres of human action; but the simple study of letters was of but little utility without science. It is science that gives substance to literature; without it the most splendid phraseology was but as a body devoid of animation. The toasting of literature and science together he thought was very appropriate,—they should always go hand in hand, and from their union

would result the advantage of the individual cultivating them and the well-being of society at large.

4. The Priests and Religious of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. May they, under the guidance of their venerated Father General, pursue with continually renewed fidelity and zeal the worthy and noble end to which they have sacrificed the pleasures and emoluments of this world, and afford in their ever flourishing establishments a haven of refuge for the spirit of study and devotion in every land and clime.

Rev. W. F. M. O'Rourke responded right eloquently to this toast, and, in his usual happy way, prefaced his speech with a few hits at the toast-master, who, as it appeared from his manner of doing things, was bound, at all hazards, to have extemporary responses to his toasts. He spoke of the devoted and self-sacrificing spirit of the members of the Holy Cross, and the two grand objects for the accomplishment of which they had left homes and friends, viz., the sanctification of their own souls and the preparing of the minds of others for any station in life, and, above all, of their souls for heaven. The success that attended their efforts needs not words to express. Notre Dame and St. Mary's, whose foundations the silver-haired patriarch, Father General, laid under not very auspicious circumstances, but under whose guidance they have risen to an enviable reputation, and the numbers of learned men and educated, virtuous women who now look back from the world of usefulness to these institutions as their *Alma Mater*, speak volumes on this subject. Father O'Rourke happily terminated his remarks by likening Notre Dame and St. Mary's to a ship that was destined, under the guidance of an experienced captain and his faithful crew, to sail clear of all rocks and shoals into the safe harbor of its destination—they were destined to accomplish the noble and praiseworthy ends at which they aimed, and for which they zealously labored.

Prof. M. A. J. Baasen responded with much earnestness and eloquence to the following toast:

5. The Faculty of Notre Dame University. May their sedulous instructions never fail in producing the good effects which they may justly claim as the legitimate rewards of their earnest labors.

He spoke of the Faculty of the University as being composed of men coming from the four quarters of the world, differing in language and customs, taken from different stations in life—the priest, the religious and the laic; men whose personal objects and aims were as totally at variance with one another as day and night. Yet these apparently clashing elements did not, as the superficial observer might think, give cause for dissensions and disagreements; but, on the contrary, their tendency was to bind the members of the Faculty more closely together, making them a unit in the continuance of their noble work in the interests of religion, science and morality. He spoke of the relation of the Faculty to the Student as being that of the closest kind—as being that of the father to the child, of the guardian angel to his protégé, and, therefore, whatever emanated from the Faculty in regard to the Student was tempered with moderation, justice and wisdom. He did not desire to offend their humility by sketching their individual good qualities, but left to the observation and imagination of his hearers to picture to themselves the deep learning, piety and devotedness of the members of the Faculty, and concluded by saying that the greatest praise he could bestow upon them was to refer to their actions—they speak louder than words; let them then be the highest eulogy of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame.

6. The Press in general, and in particular that devoted to the interests of the Students of Notre Dame. May it ever be free and rightly employed; may the brightest intellects ever direct it and always wield its mighty influence in behalf of justice and truth.

Prof. W. J. Ivers made a neat little speech in response to this toast. He spoke of the press as a mighty engine that could be directed either for good or for bad, but all had reason to be thankful that the former was the direction in which it principally tended; and with the exception of some yellow-covered literature, and a few journals ill-deserving of the title, the press of the world was aiming at good. He spoke of the press of Notre Dame, mentioned the ably-edited SCHOLASTIC, and particularly the AVE MARIA, whose weekly visits gladdened the hearts of thousands of Catholics from the West even to the farthest East and South. The object of the AVE MARIA, he thought, was sufficient to gain for it subscribers. Every Student should read it, and likewise the SCHOLASTIC, to whose pages the advanced Students should contribute more largely.

Mr. James Cunnea came next on the rostrum, and acquitted himself in such a manner as to sustain the reputation which he had as a speaker when a Student of the College and an active member of the Philodemics. The subject of his remarks was the following toast:

7. The old Members of the Philodemic Association, who, for upwards of twenty-one years, have preceded us with dignity and ability in maintaining the reputation of our Society as being the first and best in the University, and transmitted from year to year this jewel of our reputation for safe keeping into trustworthy hands, and who now reflect credit upon us and the Society from the eminent positions which they occupy in the legislative halls of the nation, in the pulpit and at the bar.

Mr. Cunnea referred us to the records of the Society for the names, and, while at College, the brilliant career of her old and honored members, and to their positions and occupations in the world, as proofs of what they have been and what they are. He mentioned Rev. Fathers Gillespie, Kilroy and Cooney, Professors Howard, Stace, Bigelow and Baasen, all of whom are now laboring in our midst; and also a long list of those out in the world, among whom there is a Corcoran and a Runnion. His speech was a glorious calling back of the past, a living over again of those days when, as at present, the bright sun of prosperity was shining upon our Society.

8. The Ladies, sweet ministering spirits: may they, in the capacities of kind mothers, affectionate wives and loving sisters, continue their mission of doing good, and efficaciously exert the irresistible influence of gentility and refinement in bringing about our elevation in the social scale and the smoothing of our pathway through life.

Mr. M. J. Moriarty was the right man in the right place to respond to this toast, and touchingly eloquent and happy was his speech. He spoke of woman as being the friend of man, and the sharer of his troubles and trials, but without the credit. Man had justice done his memory; woman, never. The broad page of universal history unfolds its pages to men, but woman's meek and unobtrusive excellencies go down to the grave unnoticed. Woman was formed to adorn and humanize mankind—to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. The truth of this, he said, was seen in the vicissitudes and changes incident to life; in its numerous disappointments, sorrows and afflictions; in the sudden and untimely loss of friends and fortune. Then it is that woman's kindly influence raises the drooping soul, calms the agitated bosom and throws a cheerful light on the future.

Mr. Moriarty's remarks appropriately terminated the exercises of the evening. All retired well pleased with the banquet.

M. W. CARR,
Special Correspondent.

A MAN who was asked what sort of wine he preferred, replied:
"Other people's."

The Coxcomb.

Naturalists have not told us much concerning this animal. We know he belongs to one of the branches of the animal kingdom called *vertebrates*, in-as-much as he has an internal skeleton with a backbone for an axis. Were we believers in Darwin, who sends us all back to the monkey for our origin, we would be at a loss to find much of a resemblance between the monkey and the coxcomb, and we are in difficulty even though Levater's theory opens to us a far wider range, when he gives the different members of the human family the honor of obtaining their peculiarities from the various species of lower animals. If we are not mistaken, according to Levater each species of lower animals has its exact counterpart in the human family. Some peculiar disposition, some development or bent of the mind, shows after what lower animal the higher one takes his individuality. The fellow with the large ears is said to be particularly mulish in his opinions; he who displays a short, thick neck is said to possess the bull-dog ferocity. We all know what is meant when we hear a man called a fox or a lion; to call a man a parrot or a peacock, is considered a roundabout way of telling him he is devoid of brains. The shark, especially the land-shark, has its representation in higher life; nor is the little frog forgotten, much to the sorrow of people who are continually pestered by croakers.

We might name, many other animals large and small, which have their exact counterpart in the human family, but among none of them can we find a guage by which we can accurately measure, or a clue by which we can safely trace the coxcomb to his legitimate progenitor. But from his habits and dispositions we are inclined to think that his prototype is found among the reptiles; he seems to possess more of the attributes of the viper than of any other animal. Perhaps a brief description might not be uninteresting. The coxcomb moves in every circle of society, but fortunately they are few in number when compared to the good and useful members of society. He generally possesses polished and insinuating manners and flattering speech; he is endowed by nature with many little tricks and graces, which by assiduous cultivation he brings to a surprising degree of perfection. Self-conceit, pride, vanity and selfishness, are the principal traits of his character; he is totally destitute of principle, charity and kindness. No trick or artifice is so low, so contemptible, to which he would not stoop to attain his end, and the great object of his existence seems to be to raise himself at the expense of others. He rigorously schools himself to be all things to all persons, that he may gain the applause of all. Whether it is from his inability to form an intelligent opinion of his own, or that he finds it more in accordance with his pliant nature to adopt the opinion of others, it is certain he never gives expression to any original ideas of his own. If he ever deviates from this course, it is because that he may appear singular, for the coxcomb does love singularity, in-as-much as it draws the attention of others on himself. But he generally contrives to attract this attention by his actions more than by his opinions, as he finds it easier to adopt peculiar ways than to express novel opinions. He frequents all public places, and is easily distinguished. He is invariably dressed in the latest style of the young man of the period; his neck is graced with a standing collar, the corners of which are bent over—a collar which never fails to give the wearer the appearance of idiotic silliness; his lip is usually adorned with a weakly-budding moustache; his hair is parted in the middle, so that his head may have a well-balanced appearance. Should you visit the opera, theatre, or even a school exhibition, you will observe the moment the curtain drops, a pair of coxcombs rise amid a flourish of canes, and par-

ade out at the end of each act, for the purpose of refreshing the mythical inner man—for there is no visible outer man,—and who, in order to attract attention, return just in time to spoil the first scene of the act for all in their immediate vicinity. It would make their grandmothers groan in their graves could they but see how sadly their degenerate descendants need some one to whip them to bed. That which the coxcomb dearly prizes next to himself is photographs; he has his own taken in all attitudes, yet he persists in cursing the artist because the latter cannot make him resemble a man. He carries a number of vignettes of his female friends. How he obtains possession of them is a subject of speculation, since his own account must be received with an unusually large grain of allowance: perhaps the vacant places in many a centre-table album might account for his having so many. At all events, he always carries a large supply of these in his vest pocket, so that he may never be silent for the want of a conversational theme, and many are the little incidents and jokes he retails in regard to the originals. Why the coxcomb was created is a mystery to us, for we confess we cannot see what useful labor he performs in the economy of nature. But certain it is, his every act betrays the littleness of his mind. Selfishness is the motor that governs him. He looks upon friends and acquaintances as mere tools—stepping-stones that aid him to attain a given end. He will bully and bray, crouch and cringe, just as occasion requires. In a word, he is a *liel* on man.
SONO.

St. Edward's.

This Association held its first regular meeting, for the session of 1872, on the evening of the 6th inst. After the transaction of the usual amount of miscellaneous business, the Society proceeded to the election of officers for the present session, which resulted as follows:

President—Rev. A. Lemonnier, S.S.C.
Vice-President—N. S. Mitchell.
Recording Secretary—M. H. Keeley.
Corresponding Secretary—W. J. Clarke.
Promoter—T. F. O'Mahony.
Treasurer—J. E. Hogan.
Librarian—T. J. Murphy.
Assistant Librarian—T. Watson.
First Censor—J. T. Smarr.
Second Censor—C. Donnelly.

The Reverend President on taking the chair, amid rounds of hearty applause, made a neat little speech, expressing his sincere thanks to the members of the Association for showing their high esteem for him in selecting him to fill the Presidential chair. He stated that he was highly pleased with the manner in which the Society has progressed during the past five months, and hoped to see it flourish in the future as it has in the past. He likewise remarked that he was confident each and every member would do his utmost to retain that lasting reputation which the Society has gained for itself, both at home and abroad. Many of the succeeding officers made brief speeches which not only did credit to them as extemporaneous speakers, but as young and promising orators. Messrs. O'Mahony and Keeley then favored the Association with well-chosen selections, in which they displayed their eloquent powers to such an extent that, even after they had retired, their words, above the truly merited applause, were still lingering on the ears of all present. After a few remarks by the Chairman, the meeting dissolved.

W. J. CLARKE, Cor. Sec.

Base-Ball.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—Once more we ask the privilege of informing our old friends, through the columns of your paper, that the Star of the East

have again reorganized, and are preparing themselves for the severe conflicts which the present indicates they will have to fight during the coming base-ball season. They have commenced work with great determination, bright hopes and a brilliant future before them. The evening of the 7th inst. witnessed their first meeting for the year 1872. There was an unusually large number present, and all seemed alike determined to do their utmost to promote the welfare of the Club. At this meeting the Club elected the following officers for the present session:

Director—Bro. Irenæus, S.S.C.
President and Field Captain First Nine—E. B. Gambee.
Vice-President—J. W. Staley.
Secretary—W. J. Clarke.
Treasurer—J. J. Darmody.
Field Directors—T. P. Leffingwell, J. T. Smart.
Censor—G. Riopelle.

W. J. CLARKE, Secretary.

The Solar Eclipse of 1869.

A "BURLINGTON" VIEW OF IT.

This wonderful phenomenon constituted the chief topic of conversation during the summer of 1869, more particularly in B—, because we were informed that the eclipse would be total there.

A great many surmises were made concerning it, more especially by the ignorant. Some thought we should be visited with some terrible demonstration, and some went so far as to believe that it would be the last day, and that on that day the Archangel Gabriel would sound his trumpet and that we would be called to the last judgment. However, all enlightened persons concurred in the opinion that it would be one of the grandest sights that we would ever have the pleasure of witnessing. Burlington was selected by several distinguished delegations as their point for taking observations. Two delegations particularly I remember: one sent out by the Government, and one from Vassar College, a noted seminary for ladies, in Poughkeepsie, New York.

The only thing to be feared was that the day would be rainy or cloudy, in which case it would completely upset the arrangements of all, and we would be deprived of this extraordinary sight. However, the fears of all were dispelled on the morning of the momentous day, when the hero of this wonderful event arose "in all his splendors dight" in the most beautiful sky ever beheld,—not the least sign of a cloud appeared to mar the beauty of the wide expanse of deep blue sky, and it was noticed by all that not one appeared until after the eclipse. Smoked glass, of course, was in great demand; every little urchin on the street was supplied with a piece, and stood gazing at the sun with as wise and interested a look on his face as would best the renowned Herschel or Sir Isaac Newton were they there. I had the pleasure of seeing a part of the operations of one of the delegations, namely that from Vassar College, who took observations from the house-top of one of my friends. Each one of the delegation was assigned a particular duty,—one was to note the state of the atmosphere at different periods of the day, another one was to note the conduct of different animals, while others were to take observations of the sun and heavens. However, I, in company with others, chose another place for witnessing this wonderful scene. We selected a clearing in a beautiful grove on a hillside, facing west, where we had an unobstructed view of the sun, and thither we proceeded at about half-past four o'clock. In this grove there were two or three little frame houses, built by laboring men, who had purchased this property cheap, and had reared for themselves a little humble homestead in this out-of-the-way place. These, being out of town, resembled more the farm house than anything else. We noticed several broods of chickens, also a flock of geese belonging to one of the houses, and we did not forget to watch their movements. We were all furnished with pieces of smoked glass, which we used to look at the progress of the disappearance of the sun. After the sun was half covered we could perceive that it was gradually growing darker. When it was about three-quarters covered we noticed that the geese, which were at the bottom of the hill, formed

their line of march, headed by their captain, and proceeded to one of the houses. We also observed several little birds in the trees flitting and chirping around rather restlessly, and at last nestle down in some quiet nook of the tree and tuck their heads under their wings just as they do at evening. The chickens went to roost on the fence and in some bushes belonging to one of the houses; everything partook of the appearance of night. Suddenly we beheld Venus, the evening star, peeping forth from the curtain of night, and gradually all the other stars came forth, until the firmament shone like a beautiful moonlight night. What could be more sublimely grand? And as we gazed upon the brilliant heavens, and then around us upon the domains of nature, which seemed to be clothed in the mantle of night, a feeling of awe filled our bosoms, and we could not but breathe a silent praise to the Author of such wonderful phenomena. But scarcely could we collect our thoughts and realize the sublimity and magnificence of the scene, when the stars modestly began to retire, with all their elegance, from our eager gaze, into the depths of the far-distant firmament. The pale light of day dawned upon the horizon, and suddenly "Old Sol," the faithful director of our footsteps, burst forth in all his splendor from behind the barrier that had shielded the rays of his comforting light from us, and assured us by the light of his countenance that he had not deserted us, but was yet as of old to be our guide. How strangely this phenomenon acted upon the dumb animals! As soon as the light reappeared, the geese that had apparently retired for the night, set up a terrific cackling and flew to the bottom of the hill; the lord of the barn-yard pealed forth his accustomed morning salutation to his mates, and it is said, for the truth of which I shall not vouch however, that the motherly old hen, in honor of the day, quietly laid two eggs. However, everything appeared like morning; even the air was nearly as fresh and cool as it is at the dawn of day. Night drew on,—the sun went down, and things went on in their usual way.

How exact and wonderful are the deductions of Science! At precisely the moment predicted, the moon impinged its broad disk upon that of the sun, and it was all in perfect accord with mathematical results.

How wonderful! How beautiful! How sublime are the workings of God! From the simplest flower that grows in the garden, to the most sublime spectacle, like unto the one we have been considering, how prominently do we see the hand of the great "Doer of all."

"All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made."

MARK M. FOOTE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
February 13, 1872.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

February 4.—Misses H. Tompkins, J. Forbes, A. Borup, L. Marshall, M. Kirwan, A. Clarke, M. Shirland, N. McMahon, M. Dillon, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, M. Tuberty.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

January 30.—Misses M. Walker, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Horgan, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, A. Gollhardt, F. Munn, M. Walsh.

We now give the list of honorable mentions and promotions in the English classes.

Bulletins, containing the notes of each pupil in her respective classes, have been sent to parents and guardians.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses A. Borup, L. Marshall, J. Forbes, M. Kirwan, G. Hurst, M. Shirland, H. Tinsley, A. E. Clark, K. McMahon, M. Dillon.

First Senior Class—Misses K. Haymond, A. Shea, K. Zell, A. Todd, M. Lange, M. Corcoran, B. Crowley, K. Brown, A. Mast, M. Lasson.

Second Senior Class—Misses L. West, A. Clark, N. Gross, M. Kearney, E. Rollins, A. Woods, L. Niel, A. Piatt, V. Ball, L. Duffield, D. Green, C. Woods, R. Spier, E. Plamondon.

Third Senior Class—Misses L. Ritchie, R. Devoto, J. Walker, B. Reynolds, M. Prince, A. Lloyd, M.

Quan, M. Letourneau, J. Kearney, S. Johnson, I. Wilder, C. Davis, M. Leonard, M. Armsby, C. Culver, M. Wicker, I. Edwards.

First Preparatory Class—Misses N. Sullivan, H. McMahon, M. McIntyre, A. Emonds, M. Walker, J. Walsh, A. St. Clair, M. Cummings, I. Edwards.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses A. McLaughlin, M. Goodbody, F. Moore, R. McIntyre, A. Byrnes, M. Kelly, L. Eutzler, A. Conahan, D. Willy, H. McLaughlin, B. Wade, M. Quill, M. Pinney, L. Tinsley, M. Mooney, E. Wade, M. Nash, J. Luce, S. Honeyman, F. Taylor, E. Brandenburg.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses C. Germain, B. Schmidt, L. Buchler, L. Pfeiffer, M. Roberts, J. Hupp, K. Miller, C. Drake, M. McNellis.

Junior Preparatory Class—Misses L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, J. Duffield, L. McKinnon, M. Reynolds, L. Harrison, A. Walsh, L. Wood, A. Lynch, F. Lloyd, E. Horgan.

First Junior Class—Misses A. Gollhardt, F. Munn, B. Quan, G. Kelly, A. Burney, N. O'Meara, R. Wile, M. Gall, M. Hildreth, M. Walsh, M. DeLong, M. Sylvester, K. Lloyd, M. Booth, J. Cronin, K. Folmer, M. Ware, J. Heaney.

Second Junior Class—Misses M. Gall, S. Lynch, L. Walsh, N. Lloyd.

PROMOTIONS.

From Third Preparatory Class to Second Preparatory Class—Misses A. Hunt, A. Walsh, G. Kelly, M. Quill, A. Byrnes, A. Lynch, J. Duffield.

From Junior Preparatory to Third Preparatory—Misses L. Tinsley, M. Faxon.

From First Junior to Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Gollhardt, F. Munn, A. Burney, B. Quan, G. Kelley.

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" "	12 35 a. m.	" "	5 30 p. m.

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" "	3 15 a. m.	" "	6 50 a. m.
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